

DUCKS & GREEN PEASE;

K

OR, THE

NEWCASTLE RIDER:

A

F A R C E

OF ONE ACT,

Founded in Fact.

TO WHICH IS ADDED

The Cure for a Drunkard;

A TALE, in VERSE.

M,DCC,IXIII.

[Price THREE-PENCE.]

W T O O B A H K O L Y O H A R D O T H

Mr Bell Newcastle

London June 5. 1835

We have received of Mr Curry some ten Shillings
which we have placed to your credit, you will please
to pay it to Mrs Gornall Booth

Yours Sir,

Your humble servant

Wm J. Robertson



Received June 8. 1835 the sum of 10 Shillings
for Mrs Booth

1700

London Dec. 7. 1795

Mr. John Bell
Newcastle on Tyne

We have received Half a Guinea which we have
placed to your credit, please to pay it to the Bearer

Mr Joshua Booth — Dear Sir, —

Your humble servant

Wm. J. Robinson

Received Feb. 9. 1796 The above ten shillings
and sixpence
Joshua Booth

Dramatis Personæ.

Mr MANLY,
Lord JOSEPH,
LANDLORD,
WAITERS,

Mrs MANLY.



SCENE, HARROWGATE.

THE
NEWCASTLE RIDER.

SCENE the FIRST.

A Low Room in the QUEEN'S HEAD.

Enter LORD JOSEPH, *speaking*.

HERE—house, landlord,—where the devil
are all the people!

Enter WAITER.

Coming, coming, Sir.

Jos. Coming, coming—yes, but you are a
damn'd long while tho' a coming.—Where's
the master of the house?

Wait. Busy with some other customers, Sir,
Can I serve your honour?—

Jos. No—I chuse to give my orders to the
master, and then I am sure to be well attended.

Wait. Perhaps not (*aside*) I shall send him to
you, Sir, immediately.

Jos.

Jos. I expect you will.—Well, the devil's in it if I can't take a little state upon me now and then.—What! tho' I am but a Clerk or Rider, I'm very positive I am personable enough to pass for as good a man as my master.—This hat [*taking it off and admiring it*] will at any time do me credit; and I have observed, in my late rounds, a greater respect than usual was paid me, and am confident it was upon account of it; certainly it sets me off to the highest advantage, and gives me an air of superior consequence.

Enter LANDLORD.

Landl. Servant, Sir, your most humble Servant, Sir, you are welcome to Harrogate.

Jos. Are you the Landlord of the house?

Landl. Yes, Sir—at your service.

Jos. Shew me an upper room then fellow, I hate those pitiful low damp rooms that are only a receptacle for every dirty raggamuffin that comes.

Landl. Sir, I beg your pardon there, you are greatly mistaken, we don't harbour any such.

Jos. Don't talk to me fellow!—but let me have supper got ready quickly, d'ye hear.—What victuals have you in the house?

Landl. We have great variety, Sir,—such as beef, mutton, veal, lamb—

Jos. Rot your variety, none of those are supper-meat for me.—Have you any game, geese, or ducks in the house?

Landl.

Landl. No game, Sir, but exceeding fine fat ducks, ready for spitting.

Jos. Let me have a couple got ready then directly.

Landl. A couple, Sir?

Jos. Yes! a couple, Sir! and let them be fine and fat (as you say) or else, dem me I can't touch them.

Jos. Are there any more gentlemen to join your company, Sir?

Jos. No,—What then?—Why do you ask?

Landl. Nay, nothing, Sir,—I only thought you might have made a mistake, because—because a couple of such ducks as mine are, wou'd serve three or four reasonable gentlemen.

Jos. So, then, you think me unreasonable, do you? Dem you, what do you mean by that? if I have a mind to order a dozen (provided I pay for them) what is it to you?—but to be something more unreasonable as you call it, let me have a peck of green pease got ready with them.

Landl. No offence, I hope, Sir, I beg your pardon, Sir, you shall have them with all expedition.—Mercy on me, a couple of ducks and a peck of pease, for himself only, he must have a devilish stomach to dispatch them (*aside*) pray, Sir,—are you come to drink the waters.

Jos. Confound your waters;—do I look like a water-drinker?

Landl. Sir, I am sorry you shou'd take it amiss, I only thought you might have come, like other gentry, to spend the season.

Jos. Damn your thoughts, and your seasons too, all seasons are alike to me, only let me desire you'll take care my ducks are well season'd. — In the first place shew me a room above, fellow.

Landl. This way, Sir, if you please.



SCENE the SECOND.

The KITCHEN.—TWO WAITERS.

HARRY.

A Very strange fellow this that's just alighted; I warrant he's some upstart or another, flush of money for the present, and consequently flush of pride.— However I shall pay him the less respect for those fine airs he gives himself.

TOM.

And so shall I—unless I thought he would come down handsomely at parting. but that is hardly to be expected from such as he.

Har. It is the moderate people, *Tom*, such as are good humour'd, who speak civilly to you for what they want, that are of the most generous principles, there is a secret pleasure in waiting upon such.

Tom. Aye! that is true — whilst the proud, surly, morose fellow, not only gives one a great deal of trouble, but uses one ill into the bargain.

Har.

Har. I'll say with you *Tom*. Why dogs have better names, and better usage sometimes than we have.

Tom. Why, aye,—'tis a sad life one leads amongst such, and only tolerable upon account of the perquisites; was it not for those I would turn collier, and bid adieu to the face of day e'er I would attend them.

Har. It is really surprizing to me that people shou'd put themselves out of temper for mere trifles, and make themselves and every one about them unhappy; when a mild behaviour, a kind word or look wou'd command our respect and ready attendance, a thousand times before all the most passionate actions and domineering expressions in the world; but here comes our master, this genius hath put him into a very pretty huff already.

Enter LANDLORD.

Landl. Zounds! I have kept this house many years, and have had the greatest variety of guests, yet never was so bullied in my life before.—Here *Harry*—bid the cook set a couple of the fattest ducks to the fire immediately, and help to sheel a peck of pease,—and do you *Tom*, go and lay the cloth in the blue chamber for yonder hasty spark, (*exit Waiters*) I am afraid he won't have patience till they are ready: Yet tho' he's a great oddity, he seems very happy, he laughs, sings, and whistles, till the house rings again.

Re-enter

Re-enter HARRY.

Har. Sir, there is a carriage just come to the door, with a Lady and Gentleman, and by the luggage it looks as tho' they were come to make some stay.

Landl. I shall attend them.

Exit.

SCENE the THIRD.

Enter Mr and Mrs. MANLY.

LANDLORD.

SIR, and Madam,—you are heartily welcome to *Harrogate*.—Wou'd you chuse any sort of refreshment after your journey.

Mrs Man. Yes, Landlord, and I care not how quickly, as I have not broke my fast since noon.—There is an agreeable flavour comes from your kitchen, I think there must be either a goose or ducks roasting, and a little of either wou'd be very acceptable to me.

Landl. You judge very right, Madam, there are a couple of very fine ducks at the fire, but they are for a gentleman above stairs.

Mrs Man. What, is the gentleman alone, and hath he order'd the ducks and pease for himself only?

Landl.

Landl. Yes, Madam, and I own his order rather surprized me. I only asked him if he expected more company, as I thought a couple of such fat ducks as mine something extravagant for one person,—when he flew into a violent passion, told me, if he had a mind to order a dozen, provided he paid for them, what was that to me.

Mr Man. He was right there, Landlord, yet I think he can't have any objections to a companion or two to partake with him, so we wou'd wish you to go with our compliments to him, and acquaint him, that a gentleman and lady, just arrived, will do themselves the honor to sup with him, if he pleases. In the mean time we will take a walk into your garden.

Landl. Very well, Sir, I'll wait upon him.

Exeunt Omnes.

SCENE the FOURTH.

The BLUE CHAMBER.

JOSEPH, discovered lolling upon a Settee, singing.

TOLL loll de roll loll, &c. So far, so well,
this is life as long as it lasts. I can enjoy myself now however, without being always upon the mechanic order, like a horse
in

in a mill, (*twirling his hat about.*) This hat is the very thing, the *bôn ton* as I may say. I think my money well bestow'd in the purchase—I wou'd not have been without it upon any account, and value it above any thing I can name, excepting—Aye, let me see, excepting ducks and green pease, and they are incomparable things, and of which I shall have my belly full presently—Egad! I will live in clover to night—by Jupiter I wish they were ready—I am pretty sharp set—and these people are confounded tedious;—O! here comes Mr Boniface. (*enter Landlord*) Well, fellow, is my supper ready yet?

Landl. Very near, Sir,—but, Sir, I hope you will not think me intrusive, when I am desired to inform you, a gentleman and his lady, just alighted from their carriage, understanding you was alone, beg the favor to be permitted to join in company, and partake of your supper.

Jos. How, Sir, partake of my supper, say you? No, no,—no such things—Dem me, I ordered it for myself, and will have it to myself, and as I shall pay for what I order, let me be no more interrupted, nor troubled with your impertinence, but begone, and hasten my supper.

Landl. Yes, Sir,—Zounds! a proud fellow, a devilish proud unmannerly fellow! (*aside and exit.*)

Jos.

Jos. Sup with me, quotha—hold you there—as I stopped here with a full intention to indulge my appetite for once, 'I will admit of no interlopers, by Jupiter, a couple too! I thank you, Mr Boniface, for your damned complimentary message; oon's I should not have so much as a rump, perhaps, for myself if they are half as hungry as I am.—No, no, by this hat I'll take care of number one.—Let me see, I fancy I shall lay in the next room, I'll see what sort of a bed there is. (*Goes off singing.*)

SCENE the FIFTH.

The GARDEN.—Mr and Mrs MANLY seated.
Mr MANLY.

WELL, my dear, it is impossible to judge of the beauties of this village, from the transient view we have had of it this evening; yet it seems to be very rural and pleasant, though something open and wild.—How are you after your journey?

Mrs MANLY.

Pretty well, my dear; but I hope I shall be much better after a little supper—and here comes the Landlord.

Mr Man. Well, Landlord, have you delivered our message to the gentleman as we desired.

Landl.

Landl. Yes, Sir, and I am both sorry and ashamed to tell you the event of it.

Mr Man. Why, sure he hath not had the ill manners to refuse us -- hath he?

Landl. Too true, Sir, and in very rude terms too; he said no person shou'd partake of his supper, but swore at my impertinence, as he stil'd it.

Mr Man. Why, you really surprize me, Landlord, -- he shews but small signs of gentility by such unmannerly behaviour; but perhaps, he may think two, too many, to be admitted to sup with him; for my own part, I value not his ducks and pease a rush, I can sup upon any thing else you have in the house; and was it not for the delay, I wou'd order a fresh couple for ourselves; but as Mrs Manly wants her supper, and the ducks are almost ready, I think he certainly cannot be so very rude as to refuse the company of a lady to sup with him. Therefore, for her sake, (for nothing else cou'd induce me) I beg you will go again, and inform him, I request that she alone may be permitted to partake of his supper.

Landl. Very well Sir, I shall go, but am greatly afraid by the specimen he has given, I shall be no better. *Exeunt Omnes.*

SCENE

SCENE the SIXTH.

The BLUE CHAMBER—a Table with the Cloth spread, &c.

JOSEPH.

TOLL loll de roll, &c. dem those fellows.
—Here, landlord—waiter—house—Why the devil don't you bring up supper; if it was not so late in the evening, by Jupiter I wou'd remove my quarters elsewhere (*enter Landlord*) Well, fellow, why the plague d'ye come empty handed?—Where's the supper.

Landl. 'Tis just a coming up, Sir, but I—beg your pardon for this second interruption; the gentleman hath sent me again, to beg the favour you will admit his lady to your company, and supper; as to himself he doth not mind it, his concern is upon her account, Sir; and I really believe he hath some reason; for she is, I fancy, in a situation that requires some indulgence: therefore, in consideration of the lady's condition, hope I may have the pleasure to return with a mild and complying answer from you.

Jos. I thought I had satisfied you sufficiently before.—Dem you, d'ye mean downright to affront me,—either get along about your business, send up my supper immediately, or I'll kick you down stairs, leave your damn'd troublesome house, and never set my foot in it again; for I tell you positively for the last

B

time,

time, was she the Queen herself, she should not sup with me, you scoundrel. *Exit.*

Landl. Confound the unmannerly fellow ; I am ashamed to think I have such a brute in my house. *Exit.*



SCENE the SEVENTH.

The PARLOUR.—Mr and Mrs MANLY.

Mrs MANLY.

I AM sorry, my dear, you should give yourself, and the landlord, so much trouble upon my account—I own indeed, I had set my mind upon having some ; or you know my dear, I am not otherways very particular.

Mr Man. 'Tis upon that very account my dear, that I am so anxious, and shall be extremely chagrin'd to find you disappointed ; but he must be void of every generous and manly sentiment, and polite accomplishments, to refuse you.—But here comes the landlord to satisfy us, tho' if I may judge by his countenance, it is worse and worse.—Well, landlord, have you had better success this time ?

Landl. Quite the contrary, I do assure you, Sir, and it gives me great uneasiness to inform you, his behaviour was much more uncivil
this

this time than before, and beg you'll excuse my mentioning particulars, for I wou'd not willingly shock your lady's delicacy with a repetition.

Mr Man. Why, landlord, I confess your greatly amaze me.—I am a gentleman of a considerable fortune, and always found my company acceptable amongst the best.—I have not been used to a refusal of this nature, and did I really know the person to be any thing of a gentleman, (which I am confident he is not) I shou'd resent his behaviour in a proper manner.—Pray what kind of a man is he?

Landl. Why, fir, the man is really personable, is genteely drest, and is, I think naturally of a cheerful disposition, tho' his carriage to me was so surly.—He hath a very handsome gold laced hat on, and which indeed he seems some how to take a deal of pride in.

Mr Man. Is there not a possibility to procure me a sight of him, (unseen myself) for I own his strange uncivil conduct hath greatly excited my curiosity?

Landl. Yes, fir, I think it may be done, supper is just going up, I will step before and acquaint him, leave the door open, and if you follow me, you will have the opportunity.

Mr Man. Very well, I'll go with you.—My dear you'll stay here in the interim.

Mrs Man. Certainly ;—but pray, my dear, don't be seen by him, I am afraid lest the
gross

gross affront he hath put upon you, should induce you to quarrel with him, and that would terrify me.

Mr Man. O! be under no apprehensions of that nature, I beg of you, for upon proper consideration, he is too contemptible an object for my resentment. *Exeunt Omnes.*



SCENE the EIGHTH.

The BLUE CHAMBER, as before.

JOSEPH Sings.

'TIS Riders only life enjoy,
They travel thro' the land,
Variety can never cloy,
All pleasures they command.
And a riding we will go, will go,
will go, and a riding we will go.

They take great state upon 'em,
Wherever they're unknown;
And love what's magnum bonum,
Nor envy kings their crown.
And a riding, &c.

'Tis true they're treated with neglect,
While they remain at home ;
But always meet with great respect,
When e'er abroad they roam.
And a riding, &c.
Then

*Then who wou'd not a Rider be,
To lead a life like this;
From ev'ry care and trouble free,
Enjoying earthly bliss.*

And a riding, &c.

There's for you, ye parchment bound apprentices, ye hen pick'd husbands, ye gouty footed drones, get a horse like me, and travel from place to place, live like kings, and sup upon ducks and green pease, as I am going to do.

Enter LANDLORD.

Mr MANLY looking in at the door.

Landl. Sir, I am come to see that all things are in order, your supper is coming.

Jos. S'blood, Sir, if it does not, I shall be for going down to my supper, for you have been confounded tedious about it.

Landl. Sir, I hope you'll find it so well done as to make full amends for the delay.

Jos. I shall be glad if it proves so, (*Struts about and sings.*)

Mr Man. Sure I am not deceived! this must be my clerk (*aside*) *Enters.* Ha! Joseph, my Lord Joseph, is that you, ha, ha, ha!

Jos. O! the devil, my master. (*aside and throwing away his hat*) Sir,—I, I, I am glad to see your honor,—indeed I d, d, did not expect you here.

Mr Man.

Mr Man. No, I am certain you did not, or you wou'd not have behaved in the manner you have done; I am not altogether displeased you shou'd keep up the dignity of my house in a proper way, but you have most highly offended me, to find you capable of such gross disrespect to the fair sex, whose company no man of the least common sense or decency wou'd refuse to accept of.—What can you say for yourself in this respect?

Jos. Sir, I sincerely beg pardon; if I had but had the least notion it had been you or my lady, I shou'd never have done such a thing, I do assure you.

Mr Man. That I really believe, but you shou'd not have acted in so rude a manner to any one, when so civil a message was sent you.

Jos. Sir, I own I put up here with an intention of enjoying myself a little freely, as the only place I could properly do it at before my return home. In the towns where I had your business to transact, I always conducted myself with propriety, and hope my accounts will entirely satisfy you upon inspection.

Mr Man. I don't in the least dispute it. I hope you will have no objections to your mistress and me partaking of your ducks and green pease now?

Jos. O! certainly no, Sir, they are entirely at your honor's service: I can submit to humbler diet again, for all my late stately airs.

Mr Man. No Joseph, no, you shall find I can bury my resentment much quicker than you

you raised it; since you have provided the supper, you shall absolutely sit down with us; go and endeavour to make your peace with your mistress, and desire her to come up stairs to supper.

Jos. I am glad it's no worse—by Jupiter, I shall have some ducks and green pease yet. (*aside and exit.*)

Mr Man. Well, Landlord, you seem something amazed at this comical transaction.

Landl. Truly, Sir, I can't say but I am.

Mr Man. I would always wish my riders shou'd make an appearance to credit me when upon their journies; It is not material to me what state they take upon them at the public houses they frequent, provided they are just and punctual in their accounts upon their return home;—and though this man hath given himself some extraordinary airs upon this occasion, it is upon the whole a very laughable affair, and I fancy Lord Joseph with his ducks and green pease will be long remembered here.—He is, notwithstanding, a very valuable servant, and I have ever found him strictly honest and diligent in his dealings with me and my numerous correspondents, therefore I shall excuse his rather uncommonly rude behavior for this bout.

Enter HARRY.

Harry. Sir, the lady begs to be excused coming up—but desires your company below: supper is on the table.

Mr Man. Well, I shall attend her.

(*Exeunt with Landlord.*)

Enter TOM.

Tom. Ha, ha, ha!—upon my soul the finest joke I ever enjoy'd in my life,—who d'ye think, *Harry*, this pretty spark turns out to be?

Har. Nay, that I cant tell, but I have a shrewd guess he is no better than we both supposed him.

Tom. Right,—this incomparable, blustering, hectoring, strutting, ducks and green pease genius, is no other than clerk to the gentleman and lady, whom he refused to sup with him.

Har. Well I thought as much,—who the duce wou'd ever trust appearances again after this

Tom. True,—but I can't help laughing to think, how from the highest pinnacle of grandeur, this mighty hero is dwindled into plain Joe the Newcastle Rider.—Ha, ha, ha!

“ Thus for to grace dramatic story,

“ Stage hero struts in borrow'd glory ;

“ Proud, and august, as ever man saw,

“ Then ends his empire in a stanza.”

F I N I S.

22. JY 69



THE
NEWCASTLE RIDER;

OR,

Ducks and Green Pease.

A TALE.

MEN's minds, and likewise their opinions,
Are various as the size of onions;
Compared they suite just to a tittle,
For some are great, and some are little;
Some oblong are, and some are round,
With diff'rent fancies men abound.

Some men i'th' morning, when they rise,
Will tell you, it will rain by the skies;
Because they're red, or black, or blue,
They guess their changes by their hue;
Yet, ere an hour passeth over,
They other sentiments discover;

And

And for a certainty declare,
 The day is likely to prove fair,
 Or calm, or windy, frost or snow,
 And yet they never truly know ;
 But only for the sake of talk,
 They others expectations balk.

Some others, menial slaves in trade,
 By masters or superiors paid,
 Will, (when they can) transform their shape,
 And gentlemen of fashion ape ;
 An instance, and a true one too,
 In my succeeding tale I'll show.

There is a wealthy thriving town,
 To tradesmen and to merchants known ;
 'Tis seated in *Northumberland*,
 And doth upon the borders stand ;
Newcastle upon Tyne's the name,
 Which long hath stood enroll'd in fame.

As all things are ordain'd by fate,
 There lived within this town of late,
 A sprightly enterprizing youth,
 Whose name, I'm told is *J—f—b B—b*.
 He really was a gallant spark,
 And to one 'Squire *C—k—n* clerk ;
 His rider too, from town to town,
 To transact business up and down.
 These riders are well known for smarts,
 And chiefly pitch'd on for their parts ;
 As health, and sense enough, though young,
 And volubility of tongue,
 To talk on trade with diff'rent men,
 Likewise a quick command of pen ;

And

And of those qualities so rare,
 Our *Joseph* had sufficient share ;
 And every one of these cou'd do,
 Could talk with men and—women too.

The time at length again comes on,
 When our friend *Joseph* must be gone,
 And take his old half yearly round,
 Where trade and money may be found.
 His master's correspondents visit,
 And orders fresh from them solicit ;
 Yet was resolv'd before he went,
 A little money should be spent,
 In certain necessaries needful,
 Which shews that *Joseph* was grown heedless,
 That he might good appearance make,
 For credit, and his master's sake.

What things they were, we have forgot,
 And truly, Sirs, it matters not ;
 We only know of one, and that
 Was a new jemmy, gold lac'd hat ;
 But *Joseph* would not have this known,
 And so he travell'd out of town
 Some way before he put it on.
 But when he'd gotten far enough,
 To fear no jeering friend's reproof,
 He gave his nag a gentle switch,
 And threw his old hat in the ditch ;
 Then from his great coat lining drew,
 His gold-lac'd nab to public view ;
 And as he rode along at leisure,
 He view'd it o'er and o'er with pleasure ;
 Then

Then fiercely clapp'd it on his head,
And look'd a deal worse taught than fed.

Now let days, weeks, and months pass over,
That better scenes we may discover,
And to the very crisis come,
By bringing Joseph nearer home:
From *Leeds*, about noon time of day,
To *Knarebro'*, Joseph bent his way;
But trav'ling slowly, it was late
When he arriv'd at *Harrowgate*;
So thought he would stay there that night,
And at the Queen's Head did alight;
Order'd his horse both corn and hay,
And to the kitchen bent his way,
And took upon himself some state,
Whilst landlord did his orders wait.

"A room above—here, quickly show;

"I hate these dampy rooms below;

"And let me have my supper soon,

"Be sure that it be neatly done.

"What can I have?"—Sir, what you please.

"Then hark ye—get me *Ducks and Pease*.

"A couple? yes, and fat ones too,

"Or else, by G—d, they will not do:

"And let a peck of pease be boil'd,

"Or otherwise my supper's spoil'd;

"Set them directly to the fire,"

"Sir,—all shall be as you desire.

When Joseph in the room advanc'd,
He capriol'd about and danc'd,
And *toll de roll* did roaring sing,
As made the very house to ring.

A cha-

A chariot to the door did come,
 Which made the Landlord leave the room,
 To ope' the door; from whence there came,
 A gentleman and lovely dame.
 The gentleman within the house
 Directly handed then his spouse;
 Along the passage as they went,
 Her nose receiv'd a grateful scent
 More grateful than the best perfume;
 So when they came into the room
 The Lady to the Landlord said,
 I wish some supper could be had;
 And pray ye let me have it soon,
 I have not broke my fast since noon;
 The smell that from your kitchen comes,
 Hath caus'd a wat'ring in my gums;
 Pray what is roasting at your fire?
 Some such a thing I should desire;
 It must be *Goose* or *Duck* I smell,
 And either would content me well.

Madam, you're right, the Landlord said,
 Two *Ducks* before the fire are laid,
 And *Pease* are boiling on the fire,
 Both which a *Gemman* did desire
 Should be got ready for his supper,
 Who's in a room we call an upper;
 For there indeed he would be shewn:
 What is the gentleman alone,
 Yes, Madam, he came single here,
 And is a merry man I'll swear:
 He struts about, and laughs, and talks,
 Sings, and toll loll ders as he walks;

That was you, Madam, something near him,
I'm very certain you might hear him.

O! Landlord, as to that ne'er mind,
To something else I'm more inclin'd;
Pray go you with our service to him,
And tho', perhaps, we do not know him;
'Tell him two strangers just alighted,
Like other travellers benighted,
Send him their compliments by you,
And will themselves the honor do,
Of his good supper to partake,
For company and friendship's sake.

Upstairs away the Landlord went,
And to the ground his body bent;
Sir, I'm afraid I do intrude,
But hope you will not think me rude;
A gentleman and lady fair,
Who are but just arrived here,
By me, Sir, in a civil way,
Their compliments unto you pay,
And humbly hope you'll be so kind,
To let their company be joined
To yours, good Sir; and if you please,
They'll sup upon your Ducks and Pease.

How, join with me, Sir, do you say,
No, no such thing;—so go your way,
I am not such a simple elf,
I ordered supper for myself;
And what I call for, I shall pay for,
So get you gone, what do you stay for?
This he concluded with a frown;
Away the Landlord trundled down,

And

And *Joseph's* answer did declare;
 Which made them at each other stare:
 With equal wonder, who the devil
 Could send an answer so uncivil
 To their request, so complaisant,
 He must both sense and manners want;
 A gentleman he could not be,
 So void of all civility.

The gentlemen was vex'd and swore,
 He ne'er was served so before;
 As to himself he did not mind,
 But to his wife it was unkind;
 He thought he might a little spare,
 And yet enough fall to his share.
 I think my lady's much abus'd,
 As ladies seldom are refus'd;
 I value not his *Ducks and Pease*;
 For I can sup on bread and cheese;
 So, pray ye, Landlord go again,
 (Although to send you gives me pain)
 And tell him I shall sup below,
 But beg some favour he will shew,
 T' accept the company of my bride;
 The ladies should not be deny'd.

Accordingly, the Landlord went,
 Told him the message that was sent,
 And hop'd his answer would be mild;
 Perhaps the lady was with child,
 And had a longing in her crupper,
 For what he'd order'd for his supper.

At this he turned bluff and blunt,
 D'ye mean (says he) to give affront;

D—n ye, be gone, and say no more,
 You scurvy, curs'd Son of a Whore,
 Or else I'll kick you out of door ;
 Was she the Queen, you stupid clod,
 She should not sup with me by G—d.

Away the Landlord came again,
 And tho' he knew't would give them pain,
 His answer he before them laid,
 And told them what *Lord Joseph* said.

This made them wonder more and more,
 And vex'd them worse than all before ;
 Pray, Landlord, tell me, if you can,
 What kind of person is this man ?

Why, Sir, as sure as you stand there,
 A gentleman he doth appear ;
 A jolly looking man—not fat ;
 Well drest, and wears a gold lac'd hat.

Why, what you say doth me surprize,
 And I could wish, with mine own eyes,
 To see this man, this very night,
 But privately, and out of sight.
 Then, sir, step but up stairs with me,
 And I'll contrive to let you see.

Up stairs they went, and said no more,
 The Landlord open set the door,
 To lay the cloth and spread it smooth,
 The more to honor *Squire B——h*.
 The table near the fire drew,
 The gentleman did *Joseph* view,
 Who, strutting, *toll de roll'd* away,
 Cause he'd nought else to do or say.

Guess

Guess, Reader, guess the great surprize,
That fill'd good 'Squire C—k—n's eyes,
When this same *toll de rolling* spark,
He found was *Joseph*, his own clerk.

In straight he rush'd, and like a sprite,
He put poor *Joseph* in a fright ;
Off went his hat beneath the bed,
His face grew pale, his mirth was fled.

Come *Joseph* come, you're right (says he)
To uphold my house's dignity ;
I'm not displeas'd at what you've done,
It's such a noble piece of fun.

Lown, indeed, you did me vex,
To hear you treat the other sex
With such ill manners, and refuse
That company which all would chuse.

Apologies you need not make,
I hope we now shall both partake
Of this good supper you've bespoke,
And that alone will crown the joke.
What say you ?—Ye—s, Sir, if you please,
You may have all the *Ducks and Pease*.
No, *Joseph*, no, I do declare,
You shall sit down and have your share ;
Since you the supper did provide,
'Tis proper you should stuff your hide.
Go tell your *Mistress* to come up,
And we three will together sup.

Joseph obey'd, and up she came,
The Landlord thought it pleasant game ;
So down he went and told the story,
Not over much to *Joseph's* glory,

The waiters laugh'd to find it so,
For *toll de roll*, was now plain JOE.

" Thus for to grace dramatic story,
" Stage hero struts in borrow'd glory :
" Proud and august, as ever man saw,
" Then ends his empire in a stanza."





THE
CURE for a DRUNKARD.

A TALE.

EXAMPLES, and all good advice,
Are lost on one pernicious vice;
Wherever Drunkenness prevails,
Sermons can move no more than Tales.
The senses it doth quite beguile,
And Reason's banish'd in exile;
Each goodly quality's in danger,
And virtue's treated as a stranger,
All vices can the Drunkard fit;
With him—obscenity is wit;
In short, it leads to ev'ry evil,
And is itself the very devil.
If any thing can cure the same,
It must be ridicule or shame;
A remedy that should be known,
So in my tale it shall be shown.

One of the PEMBROKE family,
Had many a good quality;
But loving sway much, and dominion,
Persisted in his own opinion;

Which

Which, with his conduct often were
 Extremely odd, and singular.
 He thought of an expedient,
 Expostulations to prevent;
 From such as those that were about him,
 And cou'd not well subsist without him.
 A scheme that was not long a rearing,
 To feign that he was hard of hearing:
 From which—his answers always made,
 And not from what was really said,
 By those who did—or did not know him,,
 But what he wish'd to have said to him.

'Mongst other servants—he had one
 He much esteem'd—who's name was JOHN,
 Who lived with him from a child,
 To whom he'd been a master mild;;
 And John to's best ability;
 Had serv'd him with fidelity;
 And from a foot-boy rose to fame;
 His coachman he at length became.

This man at times—for want of thinking;
 A wretched habit got of *Drinking*;
 For which his *Lady* did insist,
 That he should quickly be dismiss'd.
 His *Lordship* had his answer ready,
Yes, JOHN's a servant very steady,
 To which my *Lady* did reply,
 I say he's *drunk* continually;
 And never thinks he hath enough,
 Therefore I beg you'll turn him off.
Aye, (says his Lordship, and he smil'd)
JOHN hath liv'd with me from a child;

'Twould

'Twould grieve me if he shou'd desert us,
A trifle of wages shall not part us.

However—JOHN once got so fuddl'd,
And was with *Drink* so greatly muddl'd,
That driving hast'ly thro' *Hyde Park*,
One ev'ning when 'twas almost dark;
Not being able to sit steady,
He fairly over-turn'd his *Lady*.

It happen'd that she got no hurt,
But finely spatter'd with the dirt;
When she got home, she then begun,
Her old complaints against poor John,
Rated the Earl confoundedly,
Why, here's that *drunken beast* (said she)
Can hardly stand—a filthy broach,
And he hath overturn'd the coach;
And if he's not discharg'd this week,
'Tis very like our necks he'll break.

Aye, (says my Lord) is poor JOHN badly,
Indeed my Dear it grieves me sadly,
I am complaining, says the Lady,
That John is *drunk*, and so unsteady,
That he the coach hath overturn'd,
I wish him either hang'd or burn'd.

Aye, (quoth his Lordship) to be sure,
We must endeavour John to cure;
His conduct hath been good and wise,
And he shall have the best advice.

My Lady finding it in vain,
Against the coachman to complain,
And cou'd no other answer get,
She left his Lordship in a pet.

The

The *Earl*, however, sent for John,
 As soon as ever she was gone,
 And having weigh'd the matter duly,
 He thus address'd him very coolly.

*For you John, I've a great regard,
 And never made your service hard;
 As long as you do well behave,
 All that is needful, you shall have.
 Neglect, you need not stand in fear of,
 You always shall be taken care of;
 My Lady tells me you are badly,
 Indeed John you do look but oddly.
 I see that you can hardly stand,
 Let some one lead you by the hand;
 And go to bed without your supper,
 I'll see that you've advice that's proper.*

JOHN thus dismiss'd, up stairs was led,
 By's *Lordship's* order put to bed;
 And bid them then the Doctor send,
 That he might honest John attend,
 Who presently a *Blister* spread,
 And clapp'd it on his patient's head;
 Betwixt his shoulders placed another,
 And did attend him like a brother.
 This being done with proper speed,
 He did prepare poor John to bleed;
 Took sixteen ounces from his arm,
 Then wrapp'd him up to keep him warm.

All night friend John slept pretty sound,
 But in the morning soon he found,
 That he was in a woeful plight,
 But cou'd not guess how he came by't:

Yet

Yet he was soon inform'd about it,
 And that his folly on him — brought it,
 JOHN had no other remedy,
 But patience for his malady;
 And did not murmur, but thought fit,
 To act with prudence, and submit,
 Much rather than have lost his place,
 Had twenty *Blisters* been the case.

My LORD——to carry on the play,
 Did send formerly ——twice a day,
 To make enquiry after JOHN,
 And how his cure did go on;
 And wish'd my LADY frequently,
 Much joy on JOHN's recovery;
 Whom he directed to be fed,
 With water-gruel, and little bread;
 That all the time he shou'd not be,
 Disturb'd by any company;
 But an old woman, as a nurse,
 Least they should chance to make him worse.

JOHN having frequently sent word
 That he was well, unto my LORD;
 At length he thought fit to release
 POOR JOHN from out of his disease;
 And therefore understood his message,
 And order'd him to have free passage:
 And said that he was glad to hear,
 That JOHN was from the fever clear;
 And as a little air might mend him,
 He gave one orders to attend him.

When JOHN came in, well JOHN (says he)
 You're greatly mended, I can see;

I hope

I hope this woeful bout is over,
 And that you'll thoroughly recover.
 " Ah! my good LORD (poor JOHN reply'd)
 " I never can your anger bide;
 " If I your pardon can obtain,
 " I'll ne'er commit the like again."
 " Aye, (says his Lordship) you say right,
 " You have been in a horrid plight;
 " But sickness—no one can prevent,
 " And, therefore, JOHN—it's my intent,
 " If ever you are sick again,
 " And are unwilling to complain,
 " Why—I shall see it—never fear
 " And I shall take especial care,
 " That when you are in that condition,
 " You JOHN shall have the same physician;
 " The same advice you had before,
 " The same attendance too, or more."
 " God bless your honour, (then cries JOHN)
 " I hope it never need be done."
 " Why—(says the EARL) I hope so too.
 " While you to me your duty do,
 " Depend on't I'll do mine to you." }
 JOHN dreaded so his former pain,
 They never saw him drunk again;
 And thus a little good discipline,
 Cur'd JOHN o'th' cursed vice of tipling.

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F I N I S

